

Cho OTEEEN

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PUBLISHED AT OTEEN, NORTH CAROLINA

VOL. I

SATURDAY, DEC. 21 1918

No. 7



Christmas at Valley Forge

A Christmas-time Investment

Secured by the Sinews of The Land of the Sky

The Six Per Cent Coupon Debenture Bond with semi-annual interest is the medium whereby an army man and his friends may tap the golden stream that flows through every smiling valley of Western North Carolina.

Lend us capital to build our towns and homes and roadways and farmsteads; we will pay richly for it out of the wonderful wealth that nature has given us! This is Western North Carolina's proposal and promise. This the *why* of the six per cent investment offered by the Bankers Trust & Title Insurance Company.

These Bonds are secured by real estate mortgages held in escrow by the Trust Department of the Central Bank & Trust Company, of Asheville. The assets of this Company are also pledged to secure them. The issue matures September 21st, 1923. The denominations are \$50.00, \$100.00, \$500.00 and \$1,000.00.

Buy a Bond for a present to someone. Buy several of these profitable Bonds for yourself. Buy on easy payments if you wish. Let us tell you more about the Bonds and ourselves. A postal inquiry or call at our offices will bring full information *before* Christmas.

Bankers Trust & Title Insurance Company

55 College Street

Asheville, N. C.

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The L. S. Starrett Company
Makers of Fine Mechanical Tools

BY INVITATION
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Vol. I

Saturday, December 21, 1918

No. 7

"Peace on Earth, Good-Will Toward Men"

Never before has this phrase carried so much of the perfect Christmas spirit. Never a year that we have had such reason to give thanks to the Powers above. Our praise should rival the music of the angel chorus—surely in volume if not in quality. There is enough Christmas cheer for all the world. And we up here at Oteen can well afford to bring out the very best in our Yuletide season by making our bunkmate's burden a cheery one. It's all different than any past season has been—yet all said and done Christmas can be Christmas anywhere—it's up to the feller!

A right Merry Christmas—Everybody!



One sparrow never made a full sky. One vagrant soldier cannot overshadow all the good qualities of an entire camp. We resent the unjust and biased criticism brought to bear upon the enlisted soldiers by some Asheville officials. True, some men will go round the corner, and we believe in sending them over for the limit. But why flaunt it in editorial columns that as a whole we are bad? There are nearly two thousand of us here, and the good outweigh the bad ninety-nine times over. We boast of no lineage, we are for the most part just volunteers into the service. Many have given the most valuable possession in the world, health.

Being representatives of Uncle Sam's

Army, we ask some of Asheville's real people to devote their energies to rounding up the odious lot of bootleggers, who often-times carry on their trade unmolested within the confines of the Square. Let them clean out the leaching lot of questionable women throughout the town. Clear these two sores up and the "wicked" soldier will be negligible. Environment will make or break anyone—moreover a soldier. Many of us have been with you a year, yet the unfair criticism of a few of Asheville's "near" perfect citizenry, and one per cent of the roughneck soldiers, can undo it all.

Clean out the liquor traffickers and the dives—the army summary court will deal with the one per cent—and Asheville will have ne'er a word of complaint against us.

★ ★

Following right after the above enter our Military Police. They may prove the saviour. The soldier we are upholding need not fear him—he's but a warning post not to steer in the wrong course.

There is the other side of the fence—the civilian offenders. Uniforms unify the soldier. Let one trespass, and immediately the whole Army of Uncle Sammy is marked as being worthless. The net in its sweeping may land more of the un-uniformed than ours, and we await the counting.

Play the game, M.P.'s. Court all the "questionables" you can scent out. Make no distinction. If soldier or civilian get rough, just wade in and treat 'em rougher—but get your man. On the squareness of your intentions and your jaw rests the reputation we'd hate like the devil to lose. We look to you to do a little of the cleaning up that is accredited to those going before you.

There is little doubt but that the hooks have been appropriately put into Mr. Kaiser and his whole family, but we mustn't let the victory go to our head—in a national or an individual way. These are signs of breaking out in all directions. True, we can lick any Nation in the world. We, since the uniform has been on us, feel we are a bit better than we ever were. But let's not see wrong!

A certain man, nearsighted, was advised to "try glasses." A few days later the friends met, and the one giving the good advice asked "Did you try glasses for your sight?"

"Yes, I did," was the answer, "I took four glasses and it made me see double."

We have fought our way out of this war, and creditably. Let's not try another, lest we see double. Let us follow in the blessed way of peace. America is the greatest nation in the world and is respected and loved by all. The American citizen must uphold individually what we are as a nation, and be a friend to those oppressed everywhere—even right here where we are placed. Let our light so shine that the next fellow may see our bright points.



The Christmas cover was designed especially for The Oteen by Herman Heyer, the well known illustrator, and has for its basis a lesson for all of us. When things are apt to look the darkest it is within ourselves to see the brighter and better possibilities. Just as in the case of these soldiers at Valley Forge. The crudest necessities were denied them — yet the indomitable optimism they did carry—has made us heirs to the greatest freeman's country in the world—the U.S.A.

★ ★

A few contributors wonder why their material does not appear. We are glad always to receive and use copy applicable to the magazine, but irrelevant stuff and personal "digs" have no place in the magazine of the standard we are maintaining.

OFFICIAL

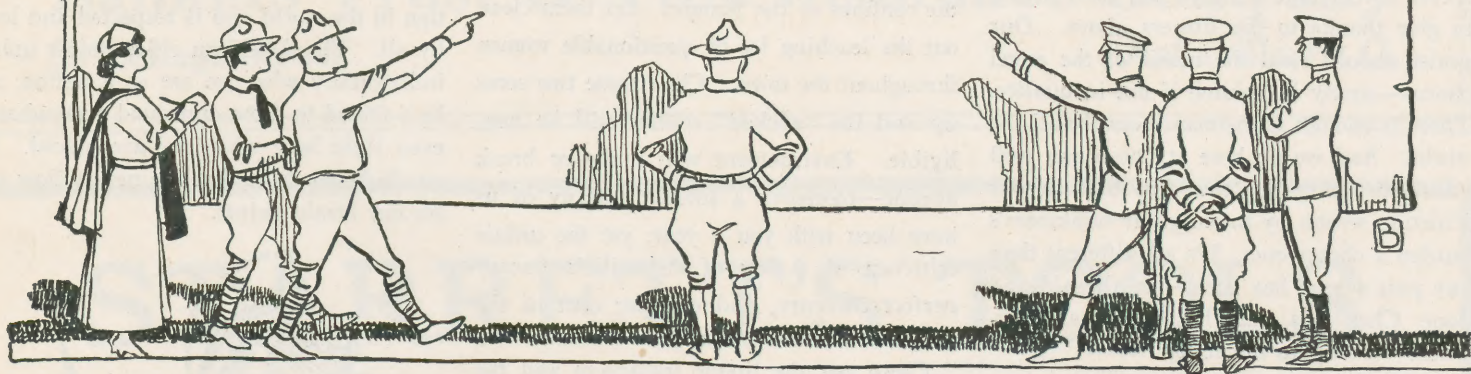
BULLETIN OF ORDERS

The duty of Army Nurses shall be such as is usually performed by trained nurses in civil hospital of like general character. As far as practicable, their tour of duty shall not exceed eight hours a day. They will be required, except under stress of emergency, to serve not more than one month in three on night duty.

Nurses are at all times responsible to the Head Nurse for the proper services of the Ward.

Visiting other wards while on duty is forbidden and visits to Nurses sick in Hospitals are not permitted except on authority of the Chief Nurse, and then only during regular visiting hours.

The performance of duty in a strictly proper way is essential to good service. Nurses should not be on social terms with the enlisted personnel or patients, and the avoidance of criticism in this respect is imperative. Nurses should work in harmony with Ward Attendants, and if any discourtesy is shown by attendants or patients, the fact will be reported to the Commanding Officer through the Chief Nurse or Ward Surgeon.



BETTER SERVICE BY ORANGE STAR BUS LINE

Oteen's Efforts Bring Results—Big Reduction in Fare—Exclusive Service to Soldiers, and More Busses.

The Orange Star Line are apparently as anxious to co-operate with us, in the question of better service to and from Azalea, as we are to have them. It is going to take time for them to get their system running, and it is with the greatest showing of patience, co-operation and patronage that it is going to be effective.

The Orange Star are putting their cars into service between these points exclusively for use of the soldiers. Their service will run as shown by their advertised schedules in another part of this magazine.

Men getting passes for the evening *must* notify their Barracks Sergeant, or the First Sergeant, of their intention of going into town, stating the time, and a bus will be at

Post No. 1 for them. Then for his return, he can advise the driver who takes him on into town, or the Orange Star man at Post No. 1, as to the time he is coming back to Post. It will be especially helpful if men will arrange to come back in groups of ten, so advising the Orange Star.

Tickets are to be on sale at *The Post Exchange*, at sixteen cents each. These are for the exclusive use of soldiers, nurses and civilian employees of the Post (not workmen). They must be purchased in advance, and regular fare will be charged when these are not presented.

The Orange Star is showing a new version of patriotism, and the men in the Post—officers, patients, enlisted men and nurses—must go to the limit of co-operation in patronage. Get out of the habit of picking up the stray hack and into the practice of getting in touch with the Orange Star man on the Post, or their office on the Square, advising them the time to have a car here for you.

A little thought will show that they are

giving us real service for a "jitney" rate. It will take a little time to get the system working efficiently, but follow these rules and it can't help but be efficient.

Always buy your one way tickets at sixteen cents each in advance at the Post Exchange, and keep a stock on hand.

Cars leave on the regular schedule of hours throughout the day. Special cars will be at the Post when the Orange Star office is advised as to how many men are going in town. Cars will be at the Square in sufficient number to carry the men back in Post at night. Allow a margin of time, and be reasonable in your demands. Be at the Square ten minutes ahead of the arranged time, or about forty minutes ahead of the expiration of your pass.

Avoid danger and do not sit on the steps. Do not jump off while the car is in motion.

Do not overload buses. Be a man and pay your fare for the service rendered.

The Orange Star will give service if we give co-operation.

CAPS & CAPE

Conducted by the Nurses

Merry Christmas! How much brighter than last year when war made the song of Peace and Good-will almost a mockery. Being away from home is nothing new to the average nurse. Get together and let the old Xmas spirit have full sway.

☐ ☐

The A. N. C. had its opening party on Tuesday evening, December 10th. Colonel Hoagland was present and gave a few words of appreciation of the work of the nurses, and his hope for our enjoyment of the new building. Miss Standish then expressed our thanks to the Red Cross and invited those present to enjoy the building with us on our regular evenings for entertainments. A short "Movie" and Shadow picture was given by the committee in charge, entitled "As You Were." When the orchestra began its particular sort of "wide-awake" music, everybody danced. Lieutenant Rec-tor assured us he had had a wonderful time.

☐ ☐

C-H-R-I-S-T-M-A-S

Careful conservation of candy.
Help for hapless humanity.
Restraint of reckless rioting.
Increased interest in individuals.
Sacrifice for sick soldiers.
Teaching of timely thrift.
Making of miserable mortals merry.
Answering all appeals for aid.
Sending somebody something sensible.

☐ ☐

It was unanimously voted to leave our entertainments in the hands of a committee of five, chosen monthly, who are to be responsible for our pleasure every other week in the Red Cross Building. Nurses Wake-field, Wagner, Benson and Straight are at work for December.

☐ ☐

A vote of thanks is due for the way our uniforms are now being laundered. Also for the bi-weekly ambulance rides. They continue to be a "joy forever."

A criticism often directed at nurses is that they are people of one idea. This may be true, but nursing is a profession that absorbs most of one's time and energy. However, we *do* have time off duty and sometimes a little unexpended energy, and we might, perhaps, be happier in our work if there was some interest outside of it. Why couldn't we get together and *do* something? Surely, among sixty women, material could be found for dramatics or a choral club (and we know where we might find a leader). We need not be too ambitious at first, but a few tableaux or charades ought not to be outside the bounds of possibility.

☐ ☐

A pinochle or bridge club might interest some of us too. Speak up, girls. Let us have your ideas.

☐ ☐

The Infirmary is a much occupied building this week. The Veranda or Ward A-1 is now an interesting place to visit. Misses Paulson and Veysey are two nurses who come to us for rest and who wear the coveted overseas caps and several service stripes on their coats. Miss Veysey, from Base Hospital 30, Royat, France, and Miss Paulson, from Base 12, Etaples, can give you pictures of the work "Over There" which will make General Hospital No. 19 seem a place of ease and solid comfort.

☐ ☐

Miss Harrison's sister visited her this week. Did you hear her play the Red Cross Piano? If not, you missed a real treat.

☐ ☐

"Bugs," in this instance a Boston brindle dog of high degree, is at home to his friends almost anywhere about the Nurses' Quarters. He is in Bobbie's hands for safe-keeping.

☐ ☐

Although it is affirmed that nothing happens of any interest to report, we noted Miss Smith in a becoming riding-garb recently, looking expectantly toward the Construction Department.

THE TOAST

The Christmas Goose, that Fowl sublime,
Bring hither, decked with Holly,
That e'en the Wise at Christmas time
May have their taste of Folly.

Bring forth the Pie of Mince so good,
The pride of skilled concoctors,
That all may prove their hardihood
And high disdain of Doctors.

Bring in the Pudding, flaming still,
Whose fragrance all surpass;
And bring the Bowl of What-you-will,
Wherewith to charge the Glasses.

And drink no other Toast but this:
"To those our hearts remember—
Oh, may the Homes we now so miss
See us next December!

☐ ☐

"And what did you say the patient did," asked the doctor, "when you ripped off the dressing?"

"Swore, doctor!" exclaimed the nurse. "He swore frightfully!"

"Splendid, nurse! I reckon you can let him sit up to-morrow!"

☐ ☐

And we still expect to move into Bar-racks III in the near future.

☐ ☐

"Bobbie, is your sister home?"

"No, sir; only to men in uniform."

☐ ☐

Once again the end of the nurses' month draws nigh, and for the poor dears in the Officers' Ward it means the terrific strain of undergoing the change of nurses. But, cheer up, every one of you. It is just the meanest thing in the world they won't let us dance with every officer—but they are doing the next best thing and trying to have you meet each one of us. Just stop and consider that "variety is the spice of life" and the faculty are trying to give you your own share.
IMA NURSE.

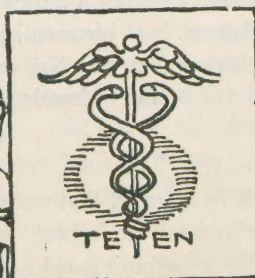
EDITORIAL

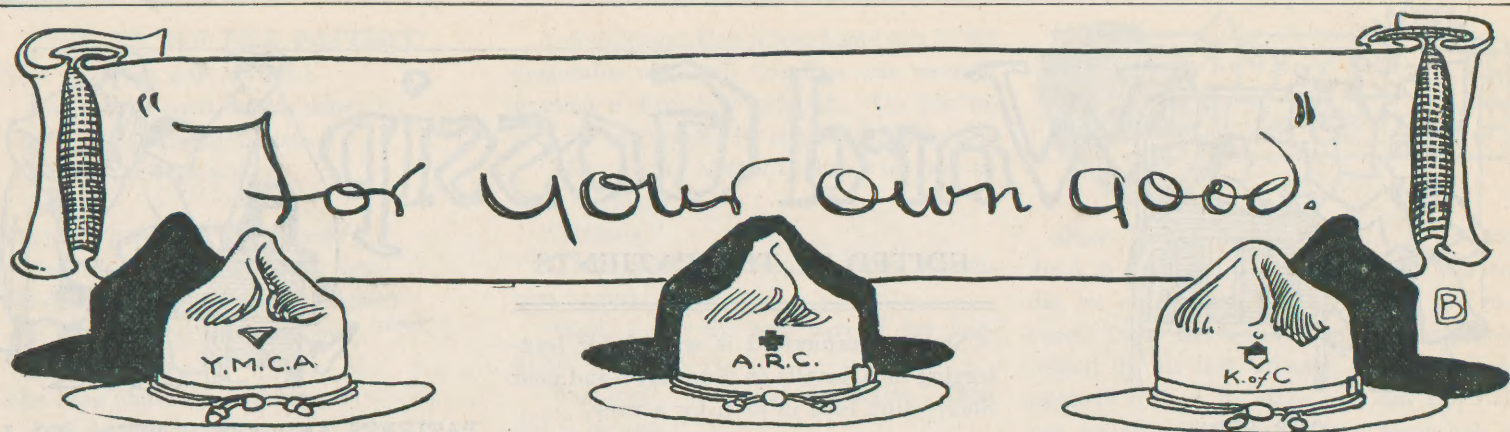


Christmas is looked forward to as the happiest period of the year. To children it is the time of gift receiving—that is their idea of happiness. To the older ones it is a period of gift giving—that is their idea of happiness. When we are young we have a very mistaken conception of life, and yet the only conception of life that the child can understand; namely, that life is measured by what we receive. With maturity comes the true conception of life; namely, that it is measured by what we put into the world rather than what we take from the world. Christmas is an appropriate time to be happy, and an appropriate time to understand the secret of happiness. Those who make it their business to hunt for happiness never find it. Happiness eludes those who pursue it as the object of life, but comes to those who live up to the demands of duty, regardless of the seeming hardships which fall in duty's train. The soldier for instance is happy in the consciousness of duty well done, the larger the service the happier he is.

An opportunity for service is not confined to war. It presents itself to each person every day. Sometimes an opportunity seems large when it is actually small; and sometimes it seems small when it is really great. It is as impossible to measure the size of an opportunity for service as it is to measure a mountain when you stand beside it. It takes distance to give us a proper conception of a mountain, and it takes time to enable us to understand the largeness of an opportunity. The only safe rule is to take up and faithfully perform each duty as it comes to us, and we shall find happiness in the knowledge that we are doing the part that falls to us, whether our lives are lived in obscurity or in the limelight. Those who do their duty in obscurity are the ones who are able to stand unashamed, when, in the moving picture of life, the light of publicity falls on them. To those at Oteen, then, Christmas should mean more than any before, for they are doing their duty, not in the limelight, not for selfish gain, but with a spirit of absolute brotherly helpfulness. To these, then, I wish a Merry Christmas.

H. J. Bryan





Unless all signs fail, our opening event in the new "Y" Building will take place on Christmas night, with a huge Christmas tree which is already budding some delicious fruit for everybody in the Detachment. Mrs. N. Buckner, of Asheville, General Secretary of the of the Baraca-Philathea's of North Carolina, is the organizing genius of the big undertaking, and with this human dynamo to keep the machinery going, success is positively assured. We are strongly tempted to go into details, but we simply must not yield and thus dull the keen edge of surprise. It sufficeth, however, to say that with her large aggregation of Philathea girls to give zest to the occasion, Mrs. Buckner will make it impossible for any of our boys ever to forget Christmas night, 1918, at the new Y.M.C.A. Building at Hospital Number Nineteen.

▽ ▽

The rapidity with which Krebs & Company have rushed the work on our new building has challenged the admiration of us all. And what has been especially pleasing to us is the fact that just a fine patriotic interest in our work has been the motivating influence of this splendid achievement. Both contractors and employees have our unstinted gratitude.

▽ ▽

The genial face of our Secretary, Dr. A. R. Robertson, will be missed by us all after the present week, and most of all by the Building Secretary, who has found him ever since he came to be a true yokefellow, willing, laborious, accurate and faithful.

▽ ▽

New covers of the very best material have been ordered for two of our pool tables. We only wish that it might have been for four instead of two, but as the two of them are to cost us about eighty-six dollars, we must wait for the others until a more convenient season.

The following schedule for the use of the Red Cross House is published with the approval of the Commanding Officer:

Hours: ten a.m. to nine p.m. except by special permission of the Commanding Officer.

Evenings — Monday, Detachment Men; Tuesday, Enlisted Men, Patients; Wednesday, Enlisted Men, Patients; Alternate Thursdays, Doctors and Nurses, Enlisted Men, Patients; Friday, Enlisted Men, Patients; Saturday, Officer Patients.

Sundays—Ten to twelve, Religious Services; three to six, Visitors; six to nine, Enlisted Men, Patients.

+ +

With the approval of the Commanding Officer, the Red Cross, through its Visiting Committee, has arranged the following celebration for Christmas Eve, for the patients and nurses. From three to five, the House will be open to enlisted men patients, and from five-thirty to seven, for officer patients. The nurses and women civilian employees will be welcome at any time from three to seven, as their duties permit.

There will be a Christmas tree, music and refreshments.

+ +

On Saturday, we welcomed Mr. Z. Bennett Phelps, Southern Director of Military Relief, and Mr. Graham, Assistant Director of Hospital Work, who spent several hours getting in touch with the situation here.

+ +

Mr. C. J. Crain has entered upon his duties here as Associate Field Director, replacing Mr. Moore.

+ +

The good large fire places are roaring an added welcome nowadays to all of the inhabitants on general principles and for the especial reason that we have a real custodian of the fires in "Daddy" Neeland—known to many on the reservation.

A merry Christmas to all from the K. of C. Secretaries, William P. Grace and Joseph H. Downie.

★ ★

XMAS TREE FOR THE BOYS

On Tuesday evening, Christmas Eve, a Santa Claus Party is to be held at the Hut. Numbers will be given to each one attending, and a drawing will be held and several useful gifts will be given to the lucky holders of the winning numbers. It is urged that the boys share in this party by giving presents to their friends, which should be left at the K. of C. Hall not later than the night of the 23rd, and a prize will be given to the one making the most unique present of the evening. Two judges will be appointed to decide upon this, and the prize will be given to the one making the present which causes the most merriment. A pleasant entertainment is being arranged and smokes and eatables will be distributed among those present. (Sunshine boxes will be distributed on the afternoon of the 24th to all the patients of the wards by the Secretaries, assisted by some Asheville ladies).

★ ★

Midnight Mass will be celebrated at the Hut by the Catholic Chaplain, Lieut. Froehlich. Select Christmas Music will be provided by a Choir from Asheville, under the direction of Mrs. O. C. Hamilton.

★ ★

Colonel M. J. O'Leary, of Savannah, Ga., Department Director of the Southeast for K. of C. War Activities, visited the Camp during the past week, and was favorably impressed with the work that is being carried on.

★ ★

To the rhythm of the music provided by Dunn's Orchestra, of Asheville, a pleasant evening was enjoyed by all on Wednesday night, which was attended by many of the boys of the Post, and a select set of young ladies from Asheville.





"OUR BIT"

Last Xmas, America saw little fun,
Our hearts were set on killing the Hun,
This Xmas we give to every man,
Assurance of peace on sea and land,
The fight we gave the terrible Hun,
Will serve as a warning for years to come,
Fingers that once pounded Upright keys,
Were used on the Hun in trigger squeeze,
Idle sons of the rich whom hardships had
missed,
Come forth, proudly gave to our casual list,
We give the world peace and forever we
stand,
"Peace upon earth; good-will to men!"

★ ★

Soldier—"Hey, Rube, how far is it to Asheville?"

Rube—"Just seven miles."

Soldier—"How far is it from Asheville to this place?"

Rube—"Don't you know that it is as far from one place to another as it is from that place back,"

Soldier—"Oh, I don't know; it is a lot farther from New Year's to Christmas than it is from Christmas to New Year's."

★ ★

Some men are usually quite sure of the Christmas *presence* of their wife's relatives. This year their presents will be the only noticeable thing.

★ ★

First—"What do you think of these canteen cigarettes?"

Second—"I don't mind 'em. You see, I was gassed twice."

★ ★

"Did you hear that big siren whistle in Asheville on Liberty Day?"

"Was she a blonde or brunette?"

★ ★

"Do you know I saw the Aurora Borealis the other night for the first time?"

"The H—— you say! Was it a good show?"

Ward Gossip

EDITED BY THE PATIENTS

Shorty Weatherford is wanted for bootlegging in Asheville on Saturday—and poor Shorty ain't been in town for a week.

— ★ —

W-1 has all nationalities represented but the nurse asked for a man who spoke German—and she's Irish too.

— ★ —

Curphy was caught smoking during restricted hours. Apologetically said he didn't know where his brains were then. He should use his eyes more.

— ★ —

W-1 asks that the ward be changed from an Ambulatory to a swimming ward during these rainy periods.

— ★ —

"Lydia Pinkham" Clugston wants a padlock for X-mas, to keep the boys out of his pantry drawers.

— ★ —

Since the news that all married men are to be discharged we find many olden days marriages being dug out of the past.

— ★ —

Little man, what are you studying?
Guzinta.

What in the world is that about?

Aw, don't yer know. Two guzinta four twice.

— ★ —

What could be sweeter than Miss Chadwick of I-2 sitting on the floor outside the Mess Hall, and in her sweet low voice at night calling "John, John, are you asleep again?"

A.H.

— ★ —

Davey L. Brown of E-6 has just returned from Harrisburg from his ten day furlough. She is very happy too.

— ★ —

"Say, where is the Camp Tailor?"

"Camp Taylor's up in Kentucky."

And the fellow doesn't understand yet why he got hit.

— ★ —

One patient to another. "Do you stutter all the time?"

"No" was the unusual reply "only wh-wh-wh-when I-I-I-I- t-t-t-talk."



PATIENTS AND THEIR PETS. NO. I. ROMA JONES

By Buell G. McGuire

Roma Jones is a former Arizona cow-puncher. Yesterday I noticed him sitting on his chair with his head hanging down and the sign of a tear in his eye. I walked up to him and put my hand on his shoulder and asked him in a sympathetic voice.

"Old fellow, are you sick?"

"No" he answered very low.

"I never saw you this way before Big, there must be something wrong. Have you had some bad news from home about your folks?"

"No."

"Well perhaps you don't like the Army." I suggested.

"Not very well."

"What's wrong with the Army old chap."

"Well, if you must know, I want to get a discharge and go home. I had to leave all of my pet rattlesnakes and prairie dogs loose on the desert and now I am afraid that they will all be wild, and I'll have a hell of a time taming them again."

— ★ —

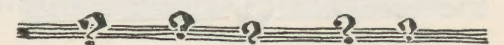
Two patients were prone to bet with each other on any trivial thing. So far Goldstein had the edge over Brown. Goldstein had a well developed moustache. On a recent Sunday morning Brown thought he saw a means by which he could recoup his losses.

"Goldstein," he said, laying a dollar bill on his bed, "I'll bet you the bone I can tell you what you ate for breakfast."

Goldstein thought a moment and pulled out a dollar bill of his own, "I'll go you. What did I eat for breakfast?"

"Scrambled eggs. I see some on your moustache."

"You lose. I ate those last Friday. And Goldstein picked up the money and walked off."



"TO YE OLD PILL BATTERY"

Now since the war is ended,
And all the hard work's done,
There still are many heroes
Who never shot a gun.

They are noted for their bravery,
And they're noted for their pep,
No doubt they would make soldiers
If they learned to keep a step.

You brag about the Infantry,
And the Field Artillery,
But they cannot be classed with
The "Old Pill Battery."

Now there's one fact that I swear to,
And with me you'll agree,
We won't have any D.D.'s
In the "Old Pill Battery."

These are the words the editor wrote to me
For gosh sake send me some dope
These are the words I'll write to him
Sorry old chap but I'm out of rope
The old bean got nary a joke
Not even one with hair on its head
If you trust to us the Oteen's broke
Theres naught but vacuum in our head.
S. L. P.

★ ★

NURSERY RHYMES

The air is cool,
The air is brisk;
T. B. bugs
Do not like this.

The Regulars are coming!
Hurray! Hurray!
The Regulars are coming!
So we pray.

The sooner they come,
The sooner we go;
So I am one
Who worships Regulars so.

The hill is the place
That we all adore,
For the higher we go,
The nearer the door.

"Stone walls do not a prison make."
So said a poet of ages hoar;
But the army enlistment papers do
Of life make a h—— of a bore.

—A.M.K.

A detachment man whose home was in the mountains of North Carolina was recently granted a five day furlough. On his return he was greeted by one of his friends.

"Hey, Slim, what happened to you on your furlough?"

"Nothing."

"There must be something wrong by your woe begone expression."

"Well, I lost the best part of my baggage."

"You did? Well that is a shame. How did it happen?"

"I was in the station in Asheville when I slipped and fell, and—and the bottle broke."

★ ★

SCHOOL OF THE SOLDIER

How to Stand at Attention — Heels on the ground and as close together as your army shoes permit.

Feet turned out equally and at an angle of 45 degrees. Remember that the 45 degrees doesn't mean Fahrenheit. The recruit will discover that his shoes are seven or eight sizes too large. This is for emergencies. In case of surprise attack he will be able to retreat six or seven sizes without deserting his post.

Knees straight, with the dimples horizontal.

Hips drawn in without any Hawaiian flourishes. There are no ukeles in the field music.

Weight of the body distributed evenly on both feet. That means your own feet.

Chest arched and inflated like stock in a Pennsylvania munition factory.

Skull erect and chin drawn in so that the battery commander won't catch his spurs on your Adam's apple.

Try to shove your head through the roof of your hat. You can't do it, and if you do it the Q. M. Department would soak you \$1.75 for a new hat.

Ears must be kept within the ranks and as close together as the conformation of the soldier permits.

Arms hanging naturally at the sides, with thumbs folded neatly along your money pockets, which should be as empty as a last year's bird's nest—and generally are.

In standing at the position of attention the soldier should be natural and not rigid. When properly executed, the position is normal and the soldier is just as comfortable as an ant on a hot griddle.

—ARTHUR BAER.



Dear Mister Santa Claus: I jis sot doun to drop you a few lines to let you no dat we no you am still alive, and am escaped frum de Kisuh who dun hab you locked up all last Crismus. I hab a few pusonal request to make and am sho dat you gwine to hep me an mah frens hab a scrumptious Crismus. Dear Mister Santa Claus will you please fotch a Gettar for Alexander an sum one to pick it, and fo Lawds sake stop at de Canteen and gib our cullud barber a clean collar so we can tell he's wear-in one. I'se sho dat Broun an Thompson would like it if you fotchted der discharges, an Douglas sho need sum mo teeth. In de mean time Batist needs sumpin to laff at. Pvt. Harrison jis asked me to mention underclothes as we all are in need ob sum. Please suh fotch sum extre paper spit-toons foh Williams to fro apple peelins in. Now I believe dis am all unless you hab a shave and hair cut fo Lootenant Harris who am mos always in need.

Yours trooly,

PATIENT PETE.

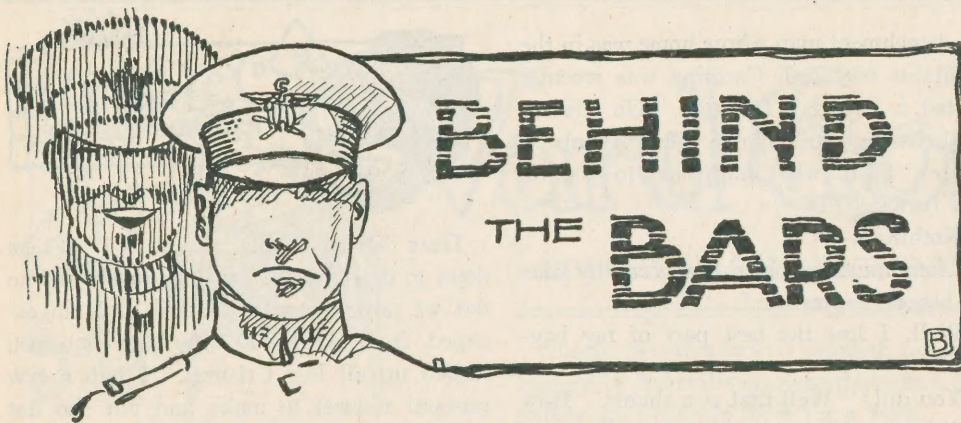
★ ★

Since Pvt. Chas. Williams has received his punishment of "ten days in bed" for dropping an apple peel, he is greatly thankful it wasn't a watermelon rind.

★ ★

It is inspiring to see the great and splendid things that the 12,000,000 colored Americans have been doing for the cause of liberty. They have contributed 300,000 of their young men to the American Army and never were sons given with more pride and willingness. Of these, 975 are commissioned officers of the line, who rank as high as colonels. There are 250 negro medical officers and forty chaplains. They have also been able to give 150 Y.M.C.A. Secretaries.

It all sounds amazing, yet this is inevitable. They have sat in on the greatest game in history and learned to serve honorably in a great and unselfish cause, one in spirit with all. Here's hoping that these facts will go a long way toward healing old wounds and creating a better understanding and co-operation in this democracy.



NEW ARRIVALS

First Lieutenant—Knopf, Carl L., A.S. D.; Moon, Fred T., Q.M.C.; Parker, Richard E., M.C.

★ ★

KEENO

Owing to the fact that no dice are being made on account of the scarcity of Elephants, and the shortage of airplane wings, and the discontinuance of the manufacturing of wooden nutmegs for polo, the above mentioned game has entered the realm of popularity in this ward. A few words on this subject will not be amiss, we believe.

First let us take up the origin of this game, Keeno. Altho considerable research has been made in regard to this subject, yet nothing of a definite nature is known. The best theory on it is that, it came from the ancient Egyptians who located in 711 M. D. near what is now known as the town Asheville, N. C. This colony was founded by the 599th. wife of King Solomon, who left his room and board on account of a row as to the most appropriate decorations for the kitchen in the tower of Babel.

Enough as to the origin, let us proceed to the correct pronunciation of this attractive word. We are all aware that "K" is the first letter and the first syllable is called "Key." That instrument that has such important a duty on Saturday night but the place to perform it is so difficult for you to find. By the way, the second "E" in this word is silent as in "dog." We would have used a "Y" there only we had run out of them. The last syllable is so simple that no explanation is necessary beyond the fact that it is the second word most English speaking children learn. Now if you will put these two groups of words together you have what? Keeno of course.

B

This game was first introduced into modern times by the director of a deaf, dumb and blind hospital where we regret to say it proved to be a complete failure. For a period then it dropped into oblivion, being only heard of from time to time amongst the most savage of South Sea Islanders and Eskimos. In December 1918, to be exact on the ninth day of that month, it was again brought to the attention of the civilized world and Germany by a party given at the home of Dr. Reynolds, C. H. in the selfsame town of Asheville heretofore referred to.

It was found on this occasion that the essential parts necessary to make this game a success was, pretty surroundings, decorated with the merry laughter of beautiful ladies. On this night in question this game was sure one big, ((but short) success.* And the Officers of this ward who were present on this memorial evening express their most high appreciation to the ladies responsible.

So let us, in closing this epistle, give thanks to Fatima, the 599th wife of Solomon the Great, for the many beautiful and useful gifts and prizes received on this night.†

Prof. Bean, B.V.D. : T.B. etc.
Nuteville College.

*It has been the experience of the writer that it pays to procure a lady who is lucky, as a partner. Those from New Orleans are highly recommended.

†The news has just been received that one of the most beautiful and useful prizes has met with a timely and appreciative death at the hands of the janitor at the Laurel Tea Rooms. ALLAH BE PRAISED.



BILL ON THE HILL

Derest Maude:

So yer packed yer grip and goes out west on a trip sudden like. Well, yer got nothin on me. Last weke I wuz sent on a trip and I've bin takin trips ever since. They puts me up on the hill whare they have lots of wards for pashunts what aint sick. They're about a mile frum the mess-hall, and each time yer goes ter eat yer make a trip what is big enuf to call a jurney. The view sure is grand from up there, but yer cant eat the view so yer got ter do a Bill Weston three times a day. And we march just like we were reel soldjers, all in step with the sargent what is in charge, given a lot of commands in a loud voice every time we pass the nurses quarters. This sargent is a funny sort of duck, all the time salutin. An awful funny thing happened to him last night. He got a big nice chees from home; yer no the kind I mean, one of them rich ones. Ee eats of it before agoin ter bed and then leves the rest on the table fer his rum-mate when he comes in. A litte while later his rummate cumes along. Before he turned on the lite he noed the cheese wuz there; yer no how easy it is ter tell theres cheese in the rum without aseecin it. At least this feller shud anoed it wuz cheese, but insted he yells out, "Hey Al Cover up." Well, them two aint atalkin much this mornin.

Mistakes wil happen. Jest like the time a big officer cum down frum Washington ter inspect the horsepitle. In the evenin ter show off we had a grate big retreat. Now Maude, 'retreat' like a lot of other army words dont mean what it sez. "Retreat" is at five o'clock in the evenin, when they pulls down the flag. All us guys stands around and watches, while the bugle blows. Well, this evening we all cum out and lined up grand, awaitin the bugle. The bugler he puts the bugle to his lips and blows, but not a sound; he blows again and near explodes and still no peep; well he takes a big breath blows agin and a small weak toot cumes out. Believe me Maude we all near bust tryin ter keep at "Parade Rest." Sum blamed fool put chewin gum in the mouth-piece, and it had ter be on the day the inspector wuz there.

I got them pare of socks frum my sister, but yer had abetter make me another pare, cause she put all the knots on the soles thinkin no one wud see them there.

Respectably,
BILL.



"AS YOU WERE" SERIES—No. 3

WANT TO BE AN ASHEVILLIAN?

Mr. Rogers, President of the Asheville Board of Trade, made a remark after Colonel Bryan's speech the other day which should warrant much thought on the part of many men—to the effect that Asheville welcomed us as residents after we obtained our discharges.

The one phase we must bear in mind above all others is "How fit are we going to be when we're discharged?" Your strength will either fit you for the life's battle coming—or break you for future accomplishments. It's far better to be absolutely sure—build yourself up so there will be no chance of a breakdown. Mr. Rogers is able to put you in touch with dozens of influential men in and about Asheville that undoubtedly place you into some line of business where you could progress. In this way you would be gaining your livelihood—at the same time physical strength. An extra year would fit you to get out and make a real cleanup. Think it over seriously.

POSITIONS AFTER DISCHARGE

Plans were made by the Federal Government heads last week to furnish information to men in the military camp and posts throughout the country as would lead to their employment after discharge. As each man obtains his discharge he will be asked if he wants assistance in finding work. If he does, a card will be filled out for him, bearing his name, the town in which he expects to apply for assistance, kind of work wanted, and such other information as may be needed. This card will then be sent to the Federal Director of that State. The camp representatives of the service are also instructed to wire the State Directors when any large number of men are likely to make application, telling them of the approximate time of arrival of men, and the predominating occupations sought.

★ ★

Corporal Kenneth Leonard is back fresh from New York, with three scintillating silver stripes on his right (embracing) arm.

MAKING THE MOST OF XMAS

Carry on!

Hope and work for a speedy reconstruction.
Remember the fellow that suffered for you.
Invoke Heaven for a lasting peace.
Send greeting cards to the folks.
Think of future Christmases.
Make the best of everything.
Assist your bunkmate.
Smile!!!

★ ★

The Reckless One—He who starts an argument in the barracks room after lights out.

The Sentimental One—He who assigns his pay to his sweetheart upon joining the Army.

The Unfortunate One—He who slips on the Colonel's rug, just as he's to put the "B" upon said person for a discharge.

The Extravagant One—He who uses his own shoe polish or wears more than one shirt in six months.

The Unlucky One—He who bawls out the slob bumping into him in the dark, and finding him a Second Lieutenant.

'As You WERE.'



LATERAL VERSE

I never saw a purple cow
I hope I never see one—
But army milk is purple now,
So I know that there must be one.

J. M.

★ ★

A San Antonio girl of my acquaintance wears a pin with nine service stars. Not nine brothers—nine sweethearts. The real war will start when this one is over.

★ ★

The teacher of the class in physiology put to Tommy this question:

"How many ribs have you?"

★ ★

On a road in Belgium a German officer met a boy leading a jackass and addressed him in a heavy jovial fashion as follows:

"That's a fine jackass you have, my son. What do you call it? Albert, I bet."

"Oh, no, officer," the boy replied quickly. "I think too highly of my king."

The German scowled and returned: "I hope you don't dare call him William."

"Oh, no, officer; I think too highly of my jackass."

★ ★

Judge—"I'll let you off this time, but in future keep away from bad company."

Prisoner—"Thank your Honor. You'll never see me here again!"

★ ★

THE YANKEE DUDE

"They're dudes," the German junker cried,

"They cannot fight, that's true."

Since then he's had cause to decide
What the Yankee dude'll do.

"To what branch of the service do the baby tanks belong?"

"I suppose, to the infantry."

★ ★

Puzzled Tax Income Tax Official—"And is the separation from your husband an official one?"

Munition Kate—"I dunno about 'official.' All I knows is as when 'e comes to our 'ouse we calls the pōlice and they chucks 'im out."

★ ★

"Private Blank," said the Colonel severely, reprimanding a doughboy for a minor breach of military regulations, "what would you do if I should tell you that you were to be shot at sunrise?"

"Gosh, Colonel," replied the Yank, watching the shadow of a grin steal over his officer's face, "I'd sure pray for a cloudy day."

★ ★

"I don't know, ma'am," said Tommy, squirming at the very thought. "I am so awful ticklish I never could count 'em."

★ ★

"One wife too many," exclaimed Mrs. Wederly, as she glanced at the headlines of her husband's paper. "I suppose that is an account of the doings of some bigamist?"

"Not necessarily, my dear," replied her husband, without daring to look up.

★ ★

"I've just had some good news," said Bearnstean, upon meeting his friend Mr. Abrahams. "My son Solly has got a commission in the army."

"Go on," replied Abrahams, rubbing his hands: "how much?"

WILLIAM J. BRYAN VISITS US

William Jennings Bryan, our illustrious neighbor, paid us a visit on the 11th, and talked for half an hour in the Patients' Mess Hall. The size of the audience, some of them hanging on the rafters, attested to the popularity of the Colonel in our Camp.

Colonel Bryan spoke of his own experiences as a soldier, and that life generally had been a battle all through. In fact, the only peace he has ever had was while in service. He referred to the advancement of modern science in all its phases, and emphasized the fact that this war had brought it out, above all other things.

He depicted the vast direct result of the conflict and pictured many of its by-products. "We fought to make the world safe for democracy," said he, "but now nothing but democracy will be safe in this world." The Colonel showed that the results of the war were beyond our most sanguine hopes. In every other war, the people fought for a selfish purpose. Our fight was not for any particular benefit to ourselves, but was for mankind, the accomplishment of an ideal. Victory is all the more enjoyable because of this purpose. The Colonel declared that one of the glories of this war is that those whom we fought will before many years elapse be grateful that we broke the yoke of a certain royal family.

Colonel Bryan commented on the destruction of the old ideas of militarism. The old idea, he said, has been entirely discarded; that the strictly schooled militarist makes the best soldier. The things that go to make the best citizen make the best soldier. What was our citizenry a year ago made the best Army the world has ever known.

America has gathered together the best men of the earth—from all parts of the world—and we are the melting pot of the best citizens. In the supreme sacrifice we gave our very best—because the spirit that actuates us to go into battle makes an American the best soldier—the revelation, the deep desire for personal liberty and universal democracy.

"Make your citizens good and put hope in the heart, and in time of danger you need not be afraid."

The Colonel appealed to the men to "stick" through the period of reconstruction, and the following is a brief summary of his closing remarks:

"You boys here are most anxious to go home. With an active group of young Americans, it takes a club to keep them out



of war, and yet it takes a club to keep them in when there is no war apparent. You have here a group of medical authorities, schooled in their profession to see you through, who know more about you than you do yourself. The Government is going to let you out when they are ready. Do not be impatient. They took you from your homes in perfect condition, and when they send you back you are going back as near perfect as medical science can make you, so that you can live useful and healthful lives. It isn't because they like your company that you are being kept here, but so that you can go home well and begin life anew. You must be 100 per cent men, which is naturally contingent on your condition.

"I congratulate you on having such a good lot of officers to take care of you. I do not know a more beautiful spot in the world than Asheville. When you get through you will look back on these hospital days and remember that every wind that blows across the camp blows good essence of pure healing.

—J. F. CARR, E-2.

K. P.: Sergeant, the captain says I'm in need of a little change. I've been on K. P. for——

Sergeant: You'll have to get it off him, then. He's got all of mine.

★ ★

"Havn't even made you a first class private yet, eh?"

"Nope. Only thing they've put on my arm since I joined up is a vaccination mark."

★ ★

Recruiting Officer: What military experience have you had?

Applicant: I was a captain in Villa's army.

Recruiting Officer (to sergeant): Use him on the K. P. detail.

★ ★

"Rawley Jones? Why that's my husband's pen name," said the lady of the house.

"Ain't it funny," marveled the cook. "My husband has one, too. Up in the pen they called him 'Glycerin George.'"

★ ★

MILITARY POLICE IN ASHEVILLE

The necessity has been realized by the Command for some time of an efficient M. P. organization to police Asheville and its environs. Sergeant Knight is the head of this detail of ten men. Results beneficial to the soldier have already shown—many bootleggers and vagrancy cases having been dealt with.

Make Your Xmas Shopping a Pleasure Not a Burden

Our sales force will assist you in select—
make Santa Claus envious.

Our sales force will assist you in select—
ing the appropriate present.



THE LEADER

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ASHEVILLE, N. C.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS TO THE BOYS AT OTEEN

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TELEPHONE 1704

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for the Holidays

will delight the home folks and
preserve the memory of your
patriotic service. Make the
appointment today. Phone 775

The Pelton Studio

Next to Princess Theatre



Back home in the town from whence we came, we have a specie of pests, which for the want of better name have been labeled, "Lounge Lizards," (we hear the war has re-christened them and now they are "Lounge Cooties"). We are proud of our home town and its big Main Street, but in common with the vast majority of our fellow townfolk our civic pride does not include this human vermin. They are not representative of any class of citizenship, but draw their numbers from every walk of life. They infest theatres, restaurants, street-corners and from their insolent stares, pointed remarks and even direct advances and affronts have made it necessary for our sisters, sweethearts and wives to hesitate before stepping into their lairs unescorted.

A sad state of affairs you say. Not one iota worse than what takes place most any day of evening in Asheville. Have you noticed that line, standing almost shoulder to shoulder, supporting the sides of buildings or plate glass store fronts, extending from one end of Patton Avenue to the other? And have you listened in on their conversation or overheard their directed remarks? They are dressed as we are; this brand of vultures in the guise of soldiers. And in that guise the disgrace is treble; the disgrace to themselves, the disgrace to us and principally the disgrace to the uniform. And just as the civilian variety, their numbers are not exclusive to any one grade or position. We hope the authorities will one day make a haul and let the drag-net gather in whomsoever it may.

★ ★

"Silver threads amongst the gold." Have you heard that those of us who did not get across are entitled to wear a silver service strips for every six months of active service, Though we could not 'go over,' we have been decorated for remaining here. The distinction between those who went and those who were forced to remain is only that of color. (Silver and gold, in spirit both blend in one.)

The Observer.

PASTE THE FOLLOWING CALLS IN YOUR HAT AND MEMORY

First Call	5:45 A.M.
Reveille	6:00 A.M.
Police of Bunks.....	6:20 A.M.
Mess	6:30 A.M.
Fatigue	7:00 A.M.
Sick Call	7:45 A.M.
Re-call (From Fatigue)	11:30 A.M.
Mess	12:00 M.
Drill	1:00 P.M.
Re-call (From Drill).....	1:45 P.M.
Assembly (First Call for Retreat)	4:45 P.M.
Retreat	5:00 P.M.
Mess	5:30 P.M.
Tattoo	9:00 P.M.
Call to Quarters (Lights Out)	9:45 P.M.
Taps	10:00 P.M.
Saturday Inspection	8:00 A.M.
<i>Sundays and Holidays</i>	
First Call	6:30 A.M.
Reveille	6:45 A.M.
Breakfast	7:00 A.M.
Retreat	5:00 P.M.

THE LORELEI

There was a siren with long golden hair
Who lived on an isle in the Rhine,
Who lured to destruction the fishermen
there
With a cruel and vicious design.

She sang of the kisses she'd give to the bold
Who dared to come near to her side,
And she promised caresses and silver and
gold,
And she knew very well that she lied.

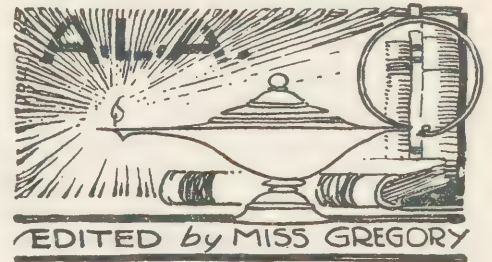
But closer and closer the fishermen came
Till their boats on the dark rocks were
tossed,
But her's was only a vampire's game,
So the poor simple creatures were lost.

Now, lately, a siren sat by the Rhine,
Many lovers she lured from afar
For she seemed to the duped ones gracious
and fine,
And the name of the lady was War.

The Kaiser had wooed her for many a year,
For he thought he would share in her
spoils,
But his hopes gave way to a terrible fear,
For at last he was caught in her toils.

And just like the fishermen long, long ago,
By the Lorelei robbed of all sense,
Both he and his armies were wrecked with
the blow
On the rocks of the Allied defense.

FRANCES STUART.



THE JOB IN FRANCE IS ABOUT CLEANED UP, NOW CLEAN UP ON THAT JOB BACK HOME

There's a book to tell you how. Ask the Librarian at the Hospital Library. These books have just come from American Library Association Headquarters, in Washington, and they are here for you.

American Stationary Engineering.....	Crane
Compressed Air	Wrightman
Corn Crops	Montgomery
Elementary Banking	Ebersole
Farm Management	Warren
George Westinghouse	Leupp
How to Draw.....	Garritt
Modern Electrical Construction.....	Hartman
Naval Construction	Robinson
Navigation	Jacoby
Nerves and the War.....	Call
News Writing	Spencer
Newspaper Writing and Editing.....	Bleyer
Organized Banking	Oggin
Practical Gas Engineer.....	Longnecker
Practical Wireless Telegraphy.....	Bucher
Productive Bee Keeping.....	Pellett
Productive Orchardng	Sears
Railroad Engineering	Raymond
Sheet Metal Workers Manual.....	Broemel
Soils	Lyon
Surveyors' Manual	Pence
Vocational Guidance	Puffer
Telegraphy Self-Taught	Edison

MORALE OF OUR ARMY

Much has been written of the morale of our Army, and it is considered all-important at the present time at our Post. There is no question but that the boys here are all game to "Carry-On" in this "battle" which is just beginning, for us; but to maintain morale in the highest degree it is essential that the bellies of these boys be satisfied. There are none at present, I believe, who are not getting *enough* to eat, but the condition of the food passed out at the Detachment Mess fails to satisfy but few. Would it not be possible to procure some *cooks* and remedy this situation? —E.E.N.

SILVER CHEVRONS FOR THOSE WHO STAYED

Officers and men who did not reach France will be entitled to wear one silver chevron for each six months of service. This general order was given out by General March, Chief of Staff of the Army, at the direction of the President just before he left for France. The silver chevron will be similar, and placed in the identical position of the gold chevron, given for overseas service.

The President, said the order, desires on behalf of the Nation to express his appreciation of the vitally essential and self-sacrificing services given by officers and men whom military necessity has held and is holding for performance of duties outside the theatre of active operations. Their contributions to military success is no less than those who have had opportunity for service at the front. On them devolved the creation of the great armies of the Nation and their supply with the equipment and stores indispensable to military operation. Without them the troops abroad could have accomplished nothing. In many instances their retention on home duty has been the to their exceptional military and administrative efficiency. They have been in readiness for any service which the interests of the Government required them to perform and have been cheerful and without thought of self when given duties not in accordance with their own desires.

CHRISTMAS AT RED CIRCLE

The Red Circle Hotel, the new soldiers' club, 370 Depot Street, near to the Asheville Station, is planning big things for Christmas time. The hostesses in charge are planning a big Christmas tree on the Eve, with group singing—and refreshments. It is hoped the Oteen quartet will appear, and the appeal goes out to all the boys in camp to just appear at their front door, and a real evening will be guaranteed.

Christmas Day will start with a real dinner for the boys that are without home environs at one o'clock. Such men should register at the Club before noon, making themselves known. A musicale will follow. After the buffet supper at seven, many young ladies from Asheville will help the hostesses entertain the boys at an informal dance.

The Red Circle should be in the heart of every enlisted man.— because it belongs properly to them — it was conceived for them. Mr. Robbins and his host of helpers will welcome the boys any time—and especially during the Christmas holidays.



INTERVIEWS WITH AZALEA'S PROMINENT PEOPLE

IV. CHARLIE EARTH, NON-COM.

Q.—“To satisfy our clamoring readers, I have been asked to interview you and to obtain your picture.”

A.—“I don't care to speak for publication, nor have a full-face picture drawn.”

Q.—“To be truthful, Sergeant, we don't care either whether you speak, nor does the picture have to be full-face.”

A.—“No, no, don't think I am contrary; I mean for you to draw it just slightly profile.”

Q.—“Thank you. Now Sergeant, what portion of your work gives you the greatest pleasure?”

A.—“The arguments.”

Q.—“With whom do you argue?”

A.—“With anyone who will listen to me.”

Q.—“Are you always in the right?”

A.—“Always.”

Q.—“What makes you say that?”

A.—“That's clear. When a man is wrong, but thinks he is right, he is right. That's right, isn't it?”

Q.—“I don't know. I came here to interview you, not to argue with you. Who do you consider the most capable man at the Post?”

A.—“Myself.”

Q.—“Who else thinks so?”

A.—“My wife.”

Q.—“Anyone else?”

A.—“That's all that's necessary.”

Q.—“Do you read The Oteen?”

A.—“I certainly do. I look forward to each issue.”

Q.—“Don't you think it's a nickel well spent?”

A.—“I never spent a nickel for it.”

Q.—“Why not?”

A.—“I don't have to; I borrow one.”

Q.—“What are your favorite sports?”

A.—“I play a good game of Rummy, an unbeatable game of Checkers, I ride well.”

Q.—“You mean horseback?”

A.—“No, automobile.”

Q.—“So you have an automobile; how can you afford such extravagance?”

A.—“You see, I have been rather fortunate this winter. We had a burglary at home and were well insured.”

Q.—“So long, Sergeant, I must run along. Thanks for the interview.”

A.—“You are certainly welcome. Call again, I have lots more to tell you—about myself.”

NEW RECONSTRUCTION CHIEF

Capt. S. M. North has arrived to assume active charge of the reconstruction forces. Capt. North, before entering service, was and still is Superintendent of High Schools of Maryland, and his first assignment was Chief Educational Officer at Fort McHenry.

• If his whirlwind entrance and enthusiasm is any criterion of the work to be done at this Post, along reconstruction lines, the future of the Reconstruction is assured. The Captain typifies the voice with a smile, and his selection for the rehabilitation work is a very fortunate one for the men who will come directly under him.

Make the Star Market Your Market



You need look no further than the Star Market for Fresh Meats and Tender Poultry—at reasonable prices.

We are Successful Caterers to a Variety of Appetites

\$1.00 ONE DOLLAR \$1.00

CUT THIS AD. OUT. WE WILL ALLOW ONE DOLLAR ON IT ON ANY TRANSACTION OF \$3.00 OR MORE IF THIS IS USED BEFORE FEBRUARY FIRST

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Optometrist and Optician

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"To Parties Who Care"



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TRANSFER**

and

COAL

COMPANY

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GOVERNMENT STREET

Telephones 24 and 25

DISCIPLINE

It is to be expected that the cessation of hostilities and the declaration of an armistice should relieve the tense feeling that was felt by all while actual fighting was going on. Those in the service, however must exercise great care that this relaxation of tension does not extend further and become relaxation of discipline.

At no time in the history of this country has a soldier had more reason to be proud of the fact that he is a member of the Army—an army that stepped in at the critical moment and turned the scale in favor of Freedom and Democracy. For this reason he should by his every act, during the short time that he has yet to serve, show that he is proud of his uniform and his country.

There are few who like to be called quitters, and so it is up to all to stick until mustered out. During that time each man should endeavor to be every inch a soldier. Let him keep his uniforms clean and brushed, never appear at formations or in public unshaven, shoes unshined, and also let him remember that *all* buttons on the uniform should be buttoned when not in quarters. In addition to this he should be prompt and cheerful in his compliance with all the forms required by military courtesy. He should rise and stand at attention until otherwise directed when an officer enters a room where he is seated. When he is standing with a group of men and sees an officer approaching he should come to attention himself and call "Attention" to the rest. All should salute promptly and in a military manner. Finally at any time when conversing with an officer, he should stand at attention and observe the strict forms of military courtesy in his conversation.

You are proud of the Army. Therefore, you should, by your soldierly bearing and deportment make it proud of you.

JOHN P. REDWOOD,
1st Lieut. Inf.

★ ★

The officer of the day, during his tour of duty, paused to question a sentry who was a new recruit.

"If you should see an armed party approaching, what would you do?" asked the officer.

"Turn out the guard, sir."

"Very well. Suppose you saw a battle-ship coming across the parade ground, what would you do?"

"Report to the hospital for examination, sir," was the prompt reply.

HOW THEY DID IT

The following extract is taken from a letter recently received from one of the boys who has been 'over yonder,' first as a member of the Foreign Legion and then in the American Red Cross Transportation Service, and who is now convalescent at his home in New York, recovering from severe injuries sustained during the action about Chateau Thierry.

Dear Sarge:

"And now for The Oteen. I like your paper very much. In the first place it's appearance and typographical make-up is very pleasing; the printing and quality of paper is excellent. Your cuts for headings of articles and editorials are very well done, especially the cartoons between the short articles. You certainly have enough departments and seem to have capably covered every activity and department in the Hospital. I know during the eight weeks I languished in a French hospital I certainly would have been grateful to lay my hands on as entertaining a sheet as The Oteen.

"The comment on the restriction of the 'Uniform' as relative to 'Caps and Capes' struck me as being somewhat coincidental. Our Ambulance Section at one time was confronted by the same restriction. We were with the French Army, but in a town near at hand were several American Red Cross Hospitals. The 'Medicine Chief' in charge of the hospitals, an A. R. C. Major, issued an order forbidding the nurses to mingle with the enlisted men. Our Ambulance Section being the only American force within a hundred miles, we felt very much put out. When our 'liason' officer, a French captain, heard of this he was furious. He immediately had us all appointed 'Aspirants,' which is a sort of cadet officer, having all the privileges of an officer but no commission. Thereafter there was no need of clandestine meetings around our way.

"Je suis fatigue, so au revoir, old scout; write soon again, as ever,

"LEIGHTON K. BRILL."

POWER TO VALENTINE

Valentine Phillips, Private, M. C. was the first man in the Medical Department, this Post, to get the much sought after, tho usually in vain, white discharge slip. Valentine has hied himself back to his home town, where he contemplates finishing up his medical course.

Teague's
DRUG STORE

N. E. Pack SQUARE

OTEEN READERS COME HERE
— FOR —

*Hot Chocolate
Holiday Boxes
Candies*

260 — PHONES — 1996

Western Produce Co.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

It takes an enormous quantity of food to feed one of the largest Government Hospitals in the United States—G. H. No. 19.

We play a large part in the supplying of it.

Soldiers and Nurses will find it exceptionally desirable and satisfactory to buy at the

I. X. L. DEPARTMENT STORE

60 PATTON AVENUE

Everything they or their families need can be purchased here.

At the Post Exchange You Get

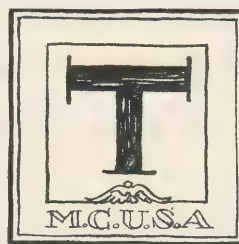
"CAROLINA SPECIAL"

"The Ice Cream Supreme"



**CAROLINA
CREAMERY
COMPANY**

Superior Milk Products



HERE is no place we have been where there is such an assemblage of congenial, efficient and co-operative group of officers as at Oteen. We are mighty proud of a Government that will send us such a group of men.

From our Colonel down to the several Second Lieutenants, we have discovered a set of real men. Men are numbered among the officers who have come here at a greater sacrifice than many can imagine. As proof of their bigness, they are willing to continue their sacrifices and remain with the boys until they can be sent home well men. And this sacrifice is not made begrudgingly, but with a willing spirit and with a smile—the one big curative influence in a camp such as this.

The patients appreciate the cheerful spirit of every officer at this Post. The detachment men revel in doing things for a smile and for those who smile. Probably no group of officers in any camp can get the undivided support of a Detachment as our own "leather legs" can.



We should have space to portray a short biographical sketch of each man pictured above, but the wish must suffice for the deed.

So, finally, as this Christmas Day approaches, we patients, we nurses, we detachment men, unite in wishing each of our officers all the good cheer and happiness of the season. For a present to each and every officer with us, we pledge our undivided support and aid, in helping to bring to a successful conclusion all their problems and tasks about our happy little city, Oteen.

THE STAFF

The officers from left to right, seated, are: Lt. Boggess, Capt. Bordeaux, Capt. Bridgett, Lt. Kinderman, Capt. Simons, Lt. White, Lt. Hooker, Capt. Townsend, Capt. Hays, Maj. Turnbull, Col. Hoagland, Capt. Vass, Capt. Hale, Capt. Whitledge, Capt. French, Capt. Griggs, Capt. McPherson, Capt. Hogan, and Capt. Cattermole.

Standing, left to right: Lt. Rutledge, Lt. Blaylock, Lt. Menne, Lt. Clark, Lt. Sullivan, Lt. Stenbuck, Lt. Winklepleck, Lt. Link, Lt. Hart, Dr. Jackson, Capt. Elliott, Capt. Chessborough, Capt. Graham, Lt. Brelsford, Lt. Stem, Lt. Rector, Lt. Brown, Lt. Seiff, Mr. Howe, Lt. Mullin, Lt. Kaunitz, Dr. Robertson, Lt. Allen, Lt. Bergman, Lt. Walker, Lt. Cohen, Lt. Froehlick, Mr. Moore, and Lt. Waller.



DON'T GUESS WHAT TO GIVE FOR

Christmas

ANY PRESENT IS ACCEPTABLE—BUT AN APPROPRIATE GIFT IS DOUBLY APPRECIATED. OUR STOCK IS FILLED WITH

Sensible, Satisfying, Practical Gifts For Everybody

WHY NOT MAKE UP YOUR LISTS, COME TO OUR STORE, SELECT WHAT YOU WANT, AND HAVE THE SATISFACTION OF GIVING GIFTS THAT SATISFY. YOUR BUSINESS WILL BE APPRECIATED.

NORTHUP-McDUFFIE HDW. CO.

Headquarters

33 PATTON AVENUE

TELEPHONE 142

The Haywood Grill

MARIAN A. PUTNAM

ALL THE BEST THINGS TO EAT AT REASONABLE PRICES.
OYSTERS SERVED IN ANY STYLE. OPEN SEVEN DAYS
IN THE WEEK FROM 8:30 A.M. TO 8:00 P.M.

33 HAYWOOD ST.

PHONE 1651

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

To You:

With fresh realization of what America
means to us all, we extend

*Best Wishes and
Cordial Greetings*

WACHOVIA BANK & TRUST COMPANY

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$2,000,000.00
MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

Four Per Cent Interest Allowed on Time Deposits

ABOUT OUR GOING HOME

Don't read this if you are one of the fellows who continually belly-aches that he wants to "go home" and you can't stand having your corns stepped on, metaphoric-ally speaking.

You want to go home? Heaven pity the man who has no home that he cares to return to! You want to go home? So do I. I have a wife and babe awaiting me and a mother and father broken-hearted over loss of my only brother in the service—a Marine—and my only sister lives West. Yes, I want to go home, but I want to live when I get there, and be of some benefit to my loved ones, not a detriment, and this American Government is helping to make me well and they have placed doctors over me to determine when I can go home and be of some value to myself and others.

"Some of us are cured, some have nothing wrong with them," I hear you say. I know it, but if you are one of those, aren't you man enough to willingly sacrifice a few weeks, or even months, that your Government may send you home to its best advantage? You have been among sick men, in your greater fortune can't you buck up and change that whine to a smile?

Some, who have been very sick, get better to such an extent that they feel capable of doing all that their fellow patients in ambulant wards do, and they request a transfer or at least to be given their clothes. With his better qualified knowledge, the Ward Surgeon does not deem either course advisable for best interests of man, and refuses him—and some of those go off in a corner and growl "What a rotten place! I'd rather be in the pen" or "Just give me a chance and I'll show 'em; I'll go over the hill," which a few do. Do you know that not even a cur-dog would treat his benefactor in such a lowdown manner, and bite the hand that brought him out of sickness?

In the room next to me is a chap who has been in the hospital almost from the day it opened. He was a big, strapping hulk of a man and yet he was very sick, with pneumonia, in addition to other trouble. Not long did he hold his bulk, but quickly went down and then for several weeks it was expected that any moment he might slip off from the "Valley of Shadow" into the "Land of Death" itself. But his grit pulled him through and now he appears well on the road to recovery. When he was at his worst, I have asked him "How are you feeling today?" and his invariable reply was "Fine, fine, thank you," and he would smile manly, but his spirit showed through.

If any of the boys should ask him today in regard to his condition, the answer would be as before, strongly and cheerfully given. Many boys who imagine their sickness worse than the reality continually find fault with the orderlies, he never complains of anything that may be amiss. "Not enough spunk to make a kick." Ah, you are wrong, my friend. He was down so close to the great reality that such things are insignificant and not worthy an angry man. I tell you, boys, he is a man.

Come on, fellows, buck up. A short time past you were ready for the Germans, and many of you did—let's hear you say with a lot of sport, "The Huns couldn't lick me, and I'll be damned if a hospital can. Bring on the Christmas turkey." And, say, the good feelings you will create in others will be reproduced in yourself and it "won't seem such a sad little world after all,"

SGT. S. L. PATTERSON,
Ward I-5.

USELESS CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Spirals for our Officers.
Silk umbrellas for our non-coms.
Evening gowns for the Nurses.
Comb and brush for Sgt. Erpf.
Subscription to The Oteen for Sgt. Radford.
Uniforms for the Football Team.
A case of Grape Juice for Mike O'Connor.
Towels for Sid Meyers.
Ice skates for Buck Freeman.
A silk hat for Scott Moore.
A bouquet of geraniums for Joe Downie.
Oyster forks for detachment men.
A bugle for Sonntag.
A can of tobacco for Pierce.
A chauffeur for Lt. Hooker.
An Airedale for our Detachment Commander.
A wallet for Ward.
Rubber-heeled shoes for Miss Wakefield.
A new uniform for Sgt. White.
Leather puttees for Kahn.
A nurses' outfit for Miss DeLong.
A cash register for the Post Exchange.
Or a Jazz Band for Barren Bean.
Do your Christmas shopping early!

—E.J.L.

"OVER THERE"

Said an Irish drill sergeant to his men: "Yes, ye are ordered to attack the inimy. Will ye fight lioke heroes or run loike cowards?"

"We will," shouted the men.

"Which will ye do?" asked the sergeant.

"We won't," cried the men.

"Ah," replied the sergeant, "I thought ye would."



OUR STOCK OF XMAS PACKAGES ARE IN. CALL AND SEE US, DON'T FAIL TO SEND YOUR FRIEND A NICE BOX OF CIGARS FOR XMAS, A GIFT EVERY SMOKER ENJOYS AND APPRECIATES.

Barbee-Clark

CIGARS

THAT'S OUR BUSINESS

Edwin C. Jarrett

WE CARRY ONE OF THE MOST COMPLETE STOCKS OF VEGETABLES, FRUITS AND FANCY GROCERIES IN THIS SECTION. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.



12 N. PACK SQ. & CITY MARKET

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

BROCK & HAGE

PORTRAITS

PORTRAITS IN WATER
COLORS AND SEPIA
MINIATURES ON IVORY
AND PORCELAIN



DAGUERREOTYPES AND
OTHER OLD PICTURES
REPRODUCED, ENLARGED
OR REDUCED

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

eat

Underwood's Deviled HAM

ALL HAM — NOTHING ELSE;
PREPARED WITH FINEST
SPICES—PACKED IN
20 CENT TINS

SOLD BY
Post Exchange

FURNISHED BY
Rogers Grocery Co.

JOHN ACEE *Real Estate and Insurance*

FURNISHED HOUSES

a specialty; also the better class of unfurnished houses. All sizes, prices and varieties. See our list before you decide upon a place. We also have some attractive residence and business property for sale.

JOHN ACEE *Real Estate and Insurance*

Exclusive Agent Cox Estate
Properties

10 Battery Park Place Phone 315

THE MUSINGS OF A RECON- STRUCTED PATIENT

As we sit at a table, the products of the Reconstruction Carpenter Shop, trying to put our many and varied thoughts and feelings into this article, we glance up now and again when the aforesaid product is jostled by an enthusiastic departee. No doubt the other wards, from which the "strong of wind and limb" are leaving for the Replacement Battalion at Camp Wadsworth today, have the same appearance at H-5.

Assorted baggage is piled in the center of the office floor and the owners are packing in endless articles, which is naturally incident to leaving. We are anxious to be off—but are we?

Discreet questions dropped here and there among our co-departees bring to the surface a certain big-hearted sentiment toward G. H. No. 19. We admit that we have knocked—kicked, and jeered at methods, customs, etc., employed, but we must also admit that, even though our mental attitude at times was anything but favorable to the result desired, *result has been realized*. We hope, therefore, the officials will tolerate memories us as they tolerated our unthinking complaints.

Now we are ordered to fall out, or, correctly speaking, fall up, for we must carry our baggage to the top of the mountain to be picked up by the trucks. We then march to Captain Graham's office to be invested with the order of the Billiard Table—a generous portion of green is pinned around our left arm.

There is genuine regret at leaving Capt. Graham, and now that we need not suffer the embarrassment of verbally expressing our opinion to him, we are going to say here that *he is one regular fellow*. May our familiarity not be considered unmilitary.

We also want to express our appreciation of Capt. Whitledge, who has a place in the hearts of all of us.

While we reminiscence on the kindness of our friends at No. 19, we do not forget the Q. M. Office girls. "God bless 'em, every one!" for did they not do their bit for our relaxation after the noon mess by providing dainty feet for us to tread on in the mazes of the waltz? We think Webster's opinion of "mazes" is "something mysterious" or a "tangle difficult to understand," which is precisely the parallel of the average doughboy and the waltz.

You probably think that if we continue to wander like this we shall never get to Wadsworth, so let's get on the trucks. We

THE AZALEA HOSPITAL BUYS ALL OF ITS FISH FROM

The Asheville Fish Company

What an endorsement for Quality this is!

Get the Christmas Spirit Give Useful Presents

Our shop offers a wealth of Practical Gifts for Christmas.

No matter what you want, or whom you want them for—you will find something here—for Christmas Gifts—that will appeal to both you and your pocketbook. Try us and see.

For Mother, Sister, Father and Sweetheart — — —

Christmas Suggestions

Shop early in the day. Please carry small packages.

Ship or mail out-of-town packages early—this is by request of the United States Government.

Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Collars and Collar Sets, Linen Pieces, Guest Towels, Fur Sets, Suits, Coats and Sweaters, Rugs, Auto Robes, Comfortables and Blankets. Neckwear in great variety, 50c to \$1.00. Smoking Jackets, Umbrellas, Canes, Box Suspenders, Gloves of all kinds, Hats, Caps, Suits and Overcoats.

H. REDWOOD & Co.

7-9 PATTON AVE.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

start and soon the appearance of G. H. No. 19 is but a memory. Now we are at the Community Club at Asheville, waiting for the train which shall bear us back to duty at 3:30.

Now we're at Wadsworth. What a change from the clean and cozy ward offices, where most of our stuff has been written. A suitcase is now our table and instead of the beautiful mountain scenery, we now gaze at endless rows of buff-colored tents. There are eight of us in our tent and three were compelled to sleep on the floor last night.

Who was it that complained of the chow at Oteen? Certainly he is not in this crowd, for one continually hears the boys professing a deep affection for all things Oteen since their arrival here.

We were greeted this a.m. by Pvt. Roy G. Fristol, Sgt. White, Pvt. Clark and Pvt. Buss, and their information regarding Wadsworth was anything but cheerful. One of them exhibited a lump on his back about the dimension of a football, the result of an inoculation for pneumonia. We inquire tremblingly if we are to be inoculated and the Sergeant very volubly assures us, "Oh, sure, they all get it!"

From the remarks dropped by officers, we get the opinion that we shall be home in a few days. Speed that day! We all hope to be remembered by our good friends at Oteen, and assure them that the period of our sojourn in the "Land of the Sky" will always be one of our pleasantest memories.

Yours, the Finished Product,
JAMES L. COFFEY.

Williams Jennings Bryan spoke
To us about the war,
The war of eighteen sixty-one,
Which soldiers fought and won,
And returned to their door.

The door they used,
Upon their return.
Was that thru which
They used to pitch
The refuse spurned.

Now I wish to remark
At this late date
They must have been volunteers;
For such it appears
Will be our fate.

For we also volunteered
To do and die;
And all we got
Is an awful spot
Upon our lives.

—A.M.K.

BOY, HOWDY!

DO YOU SMOKE CIGARETTES OR CIGARS OR EAT CANDY?—OR PERHAPS YOU WANT TO TAKE A BOX TO YOUR GIRL. THEN YOU WANT TO DROP IN AND GET THEM AT THE

PARAMOUNT DRUG CO.

PATTON AVENUE

J. S. CLAVERIE, Manager

The Asheville Times

EVERY AFTERNOON EXCEPT SUNDAY
AND EVERY SUNDAY MORNING

*Associated Press News Service
Leased Wire*

THE NEWSPAPER THAT SERVES THE PEOPLE

FIFTEEN CENTS THE WEEK

FIVE CENTS THE COPY

AS YOU WERE—AND AS YOU SHOULD BE

For Distinctive Individuality and Fitness
In Military Apparel

J. S. KREINUS

Tailor to Ladies and Gentlemen

16 North Pack Square

Telephone 2756

Asheville, N. C.

Laurel Tea House

AZALEA, NORTH CAROLINA

Home Cooking and Baking. Special attention given to Party Luncheons and Dinners. Come and have a real "Christmas Dinner in the Country." SHE will appreciate a box of our delicious home-made candy.

J. T. BLEDSOE & COMPANY

*Real Estate, Building, Rentals
Homes Built and Sold
on Easy Terms*

4 N. PACK SQUARE

TELEPHONE 461

The Candy Kitchen

HAYWOOD STREET
ASHEVILLE

A Wide Variety of Christmas Gift Packages

HOME-MADE CANDIES OUR SPECIALTY

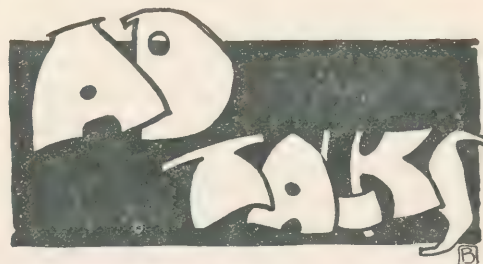
THE BIGGEST, BUSIEST, BEST, AND MOST POPULAR PLACE TO
MEET YOUR FRIENDS IN THE CITY

GOODE'S DRUG STORE, Inc.

DRUGGISTS

PHONE 718

ASHEVILLE, N. C.



We prescribe consistent advertising as the tonic for anyone desirous of increasing his business.

We want to increase one phase of our business — circulation in Asheville, so we are taking our own medicine in large doses — advertising in the Asheville Times.

Our advertising will not be spasmodic (which is the cause of many advertising failures but will be continuous.

We know that a tremendous increase in Asheville circulation will be the inevitable result.

Naturally the value of The Oteen as an advertising medium will be multiplied several times.

The Oteen has been a profitable medium for those merchants who have used space in it consistently. With the increased circulation, it will be a medium no progressive merchant can afford to overlook.

ODD ANSWERS ON INSURANCE FORMS

Mother died in infancy.

— ★ —

Father died suddenly; nothing serious.

— ★ —

Applicant has never been fatally sick.

An uncle died of cancer on his mother's side.

— ★ —

Applicant's fraternal parents died when he was a child.

— ★ —

Grandfather died from gunshot wound, caused by an arrow shot by an Indian.

★ ★

Applicant does not know anything about maternal posterity, except that they died at an advanced age.

— ★ —

Applicant does not know cause of mother's death, but states that she fully recovered from her last illness.

— ★ —

Grandfather died suddenly at the age of one hundred and three. Up to this time he bid fair to reach a ripe old age.

— ★ —

Mother's last illness was caused from chronic rheumatism, but she was cured before death.

Q. M. WAREHOUSE C/MPLETED

To facilitate the proper handling of incoming supplies, and the distribution of same, the main Quartermaster Warehouse has been constructed, and in the week past has been given over to the Quartermaster Department, this Post.

The development of the camp has been so rapid it was found necessary to centralize distribution, and this new building, 125 feet long and 40 feet wide, two stories high, will receive and distribute supplies for the messes throughout the camp, also all articles of equipment and material, clothing, etc.

A refrigeration floor takes in the lower of the building, and from this will be issued the perishable foodstuff, meats, etc.

This branch of the Quartermaster comes under the direct supervision of Lt. Blaylock, Q. M. Sergeant O'Connor, Corp. Brown and a detail of ten men.

MUSIC

The music and entertainment for our hospital wards under Miss Wetmore, included, for the past week, songs by Miss Lois George with banjo ukelele on Dec. 11. Everyone who was fortunate enough to see and hear little Miss Gray Townsend on Dec. 14, were charmed with her dancing and singing. Mrs. G. G. Stikeleather sang a group of folk songs.

We are still anxiously waiting for the Band instruments to arrive. They have been ordered over a month now and are long overdue. The manufacturers assured us that they will be shipped at the earliest possible date. We hope that is not far off. It is our ambition to have every patient who is physically fit and every Detachment man who is musical and interested enough to devote a little of his time, take some part. We have got to begin with the men who already know how to play, as far as possible. Other instruments will be added as fast as we can obtain them and the men can learn to play them. Judging from the number of men who have already expressed a desire to take part we shall not be at a loss for numbers. Lest some man be overlooked, if you have not already seen Corp. Aanstead and made sure that he has your name do so at once. We are already assured that each man will be allowed an hour a day for practice and that each one will be excused from work when rehearsals come in working hours. Remember too, you are not only going to find pleasure and profit in this work for yourselves, but you will also be helping to make G. H. 19 what we all want it to be, The Ideal Army Hospital.

The First Thrill the Gift Recipient
Gets is the Bon Marche Label.
Then the Gift within the Package
is the Second Pleasant Emotion.

*Remembrances for Men, Women
and Children—*

Bon Marche

Asheville's Best Department Store

The Folks at Home...

Will appreciate your Photograph for Christmas more than any other gift. We have artificial light in our Studio and are able to make sittings *any time*. Good work and prompt delivery guaranteed.

RAY'S STUDIO

OVER NICHOLS' SHOE STORE

TELEPHOIE 1704

PACK SQUARE

A GOOD PLACE TO BUY THOSE GIFTS YOU EXPECT TO MAKE THIS CHRISTMAS

A VERY BEAUTIFUL DISPLAY OF
ACCEPTABLE GIFTS FOR THE
MAN AND THE YOUNG MAN

A Few Suggestions

A Few Suggestions

House Coats, -7.00 to -25.00

Robes, \$7.00 to \$25.00

Vest, \$5.00 to \$8.50

Sweaters, \$6.00 to \$20.00

Umbrellas, \$1.25 to \$6.00

Canes, \$1.00 to \$5.00

Gloves, \$2.00 to \$12.50

Ties, 50c to \$3.50

Reefers, \$1.00 to \$16.00

Anthony Bros
OUTFITTERS TO MEN AND WOMEN

35 PATTON AVENUE

Going Home on Furlough ?

Perhaps there is something you need in

O. D. WOOL SHIRTS
O. D. KHAKI SHIRTS
MILITARY HATS
O. D. SWEATERS

LEATHER PUTTEES
SPIRAL PUTTEES
CANVAS LEGGINGS
O. D. GLOVES

If so, get it at

R. B. Zageir

8 BILTMORE AVENUE

"Just a Whisper off the Square"

MAJESTIC THEATRE

December 23rd, 24th, and 25th — D. W. Griffith's

"THE BIRTH OF A NATION"

Special Augmented Orchestra

CHILDREN 25 CENTS

ADULTS 50 CENTS

A FEW SUGGESTIONS

FOR XMAS GIFTS TO BE HAD
AT OUR STORE

FURS—In Jap Mink, Idol, Black Fox, Fed Fox, Lynx and others. Priced from **\$25.00** to **\$250.**

LADIES' WAIST—In Georgettes, Crepe de Chine, Crepe Meteors, Taffetas. Priced from **\$2.50** to **\$18.50.**

COAT SUITS—A beautiful selection of Ladies' Coat Suits in all shades and Materials. Priced from **\$15.00** to **\$85.00.**

DRESSES—In satins, serges, taffetas, Jerseys, and other materials, made in the very latest models. Priced from **\$10.00** to **\$75.00.**

You will also find a very nice assortment of HANDKERCHIEFS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, SCARFS.

McGRAW'S

DRY GOODS STORE

PATTON AVENUE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

LETTERS OF A LIEUT.

Friend Ross:—I wont ask you how you're getting along with my practice—both of them must be alright. I refer to the two sick ones I left because I know, as you have probably found out, that turning over a practice is up to the practice itself to a great extent. I'm glad all you fellows who are not in yet voted to give two thirds of the income from our patients to our families. Mrs. Morse decided to put all that she got in the baby's bank. The baby now has \$2.66 and if I'm gone two more months may get enough to buy a thrift stamp.

I know you'll be interested in what goes on down here. The gossip about the barracks stove in the evening is fine. Internists and surgeons indulge in mutual confab on everything from "Wonderful Diagnoses I Have Made" to "Enormous Fees I Have Collected" *ad lib.* Cures are propounded for everything and onion plasters, triple x's, and "My Type of Tonsil Snare" lauded to the skies by various authorities(?) It looks as though another fellow and I are the only two who were making under \$10,000 a year and 90 per cent. of them had their own chauffeurs until the draft grabbed the latter for the Motor Transport Service. But h——, you can't blame them for romancing a bit. All of them gave up a lot and if it makes them feel better, I say let them go to it.

You asked me what was the funniest thing I saw down here. I'll say it's the "Prostatic's Parade" each morning at four, fifty yards back to the latrine.

It gets awfully cold here at night and it's cold when we get up to dress in the morning. The young fellows can dress quick but the older ones—gosh! how they shiver. There's one fellow from Minnesota that goes out in his bathrobe each morning, takes a cold shower, then comes back and says: "Dis vedder iss fine. Ay feel vonderful." I could kill that bird with pleasure.

I forgot to tell you when I left about taking care of old Mr. Carter. He can't pay you a nickle but he lost all he had in the floods a few years ago and when his wife went it kind of ruined his spirit and ambition. So be good to him! And be good to yourself, Ross. I notice an awful bunch of doctors dying with this epidemic. Take care of yourself. The Germans figure one average doctor is worth 400 men militarily speaking and although you and I may be worth only 150, that's a hell of a lot. Be good, old scout.

FISCHER MORSE,
Lieut. M. C., U. S. A.

SPEED UP THE CASUALTY LISTS

With the remission of hostilities, there seems no reason in the Lord's world whatever for delaying the announcements of the American war casualties, and every effort should be made to speed the transmission of the reports. At present the lists are weeks behind. While hostilities were in progress, it was, of course, desirable that the enemy should not know the extent of our casualties in particular phases of the fighting.

At present the lists are sent by cable, and only a certain number of names can be transmitted. Mr. Creel, taking an additional cable unto himself, makes the delay the longer. This has caused an accumulation so great that it would now save time to send the lists by mail. The cables might well be used for names of those who have died in action, or of wounds or disease, leaving the lists of wounded to come via mail. In this way, the people of the country could learn the worse without a prolongation of the agonizing delay and uncertainty.

This is prompted by the case of an Asheville mother, whose son fell in action just two months ago. The first intimation of his death was given by an enlisted man of his company, writing to the mother. She cried to know the truth. After sixteen days of delay and confusion of names, the Washington authorities acknowledged he had nobly died for the cause.

That was all. The sixteen days carried her to and beyond the breaking point. She lost not only her son, but her mind also. The cause of it all, so needlessly, when a negligent clerk or an adherence to a more efficient policy of reply might have saved so much sorrow.

ORDERS YOU HAVE NEVER HEARD

General Orders No. 999.

1. There will be no more drilling after today.
2. Reveille will be moved forward to ten a.m. and men may stay up at night if they so desire.
3. The officers are merely stationed at Azalea for artistic effect—disregard them. If they say anything, show indifference.
4. Waste paper, cigarette butts and rubbish should be strewn around as widely as possible to hide the fact that there is no grass on the Post.
5. Indefinite leave will be granted to anyone at any time.
6. Buglers blowing calls may be shot at sight.

ATTENTION, OTEEN READERS!

CANDY MAKES AN IDEAL XMAS
GIFT, ESPECIALLY WHEN IT'S



NONE BETTER MADE—NONE TASTES AS GOOD
PRICE 50 CENTS TO \$7.50

WALKER'S DRUG STORE

SOLE AGENTS

PHONES 183-132

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

BEST EATS IN ASHEVILLE

Good and Clean Food at

Crystal Cafe System

Reasonable Prices

32 Patton Avenue

16 W. Pack Square

56 Patton Avenue

Watch for the Orange Star



To Town, cars leave Post No. 1 at 7:30 and 8:30 a.m. Then every 30 minutes till 8:00 p.m. and at 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 and 12:00 at night.
From Town, cars leave Pack Square at 7:00 and 8:00 a.m. Then every 30 minutes till 7:30 p.m. and at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, and 11:30 p.m.
Extra cars during Rush Hours.

Tickets on Sale at Post Exchange for Soldiers

ORANGE STAR AUTO LINE, INC.

SOUTH PACK SQUARE

TELEPHONE 53

M. V. Moore & Company



Have you forgotten somebody you meant to remember for Xmas? There is still time to select a suitable gift for him or her. We should be pleased to assist you in making the selection.

I came to Asheville Forty Years Ago By Stage Coach

EVER SINCE I HAVE BEEN SERVING THE PUBLIC WITH HONEST
MERCHANDISE AT REASONABLE PRICES. A VICTROLA
FOR CHRISTMAS IS AN IDEAL GIFT.

FALK'S MUSIC HOUSE

PATTON AVENUE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

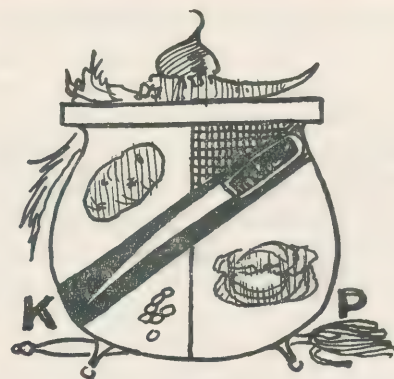
NEW UNIFORMS FOR OLD

Bring us that old spotted uniform or the one which needs altering. We'll clean it so that it will look like new or we'll alter it to fit you as it should. Bring us that hat which needs cleaning and blocking. Satisfaction guaranteed, because our work is done by the most approved methods. *Nurses*—Let us clean or alter your clothes.

Asheville French Dry Cleaning Co.

4 NORTH PACK SQUARE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.



A MYTH OF A KNIGHT OF KITCHEN POLICE

Imagine a Carolina night, silvery moonlight filtering thru the frosted brown leaves of the now dead clematis vine. Here and there, up and down the rough cobbled street, on the porches, behind these rustling dead leaves of the thick clematis vine, sit lovers in the slowly filtering rays of moonlight. Little night bugs hum lazily in the damp air, reluctant to take up their winter abode in some crack or crevice of the serrated wall behind this withering clematis vine. Look at the sky, so deep, so blue, pierced here and there, thither and you by a thousand twinkling canoles (stars) and emblazoned by the silvery moon.

What a setting for this incident we are about to relate—and what an atmosphere, Carolina air—so much atmosphere.

Along the street that climbs the hill (it being early evening) like a crooked snake, sneaking off in the distance, a lone uniform comes ambling (to amble—walk slowly engrossed in light thots). Beneath or inside this uniform is the Knight Police of the House of Kitchen. On his mail he carries the Family Crust—a Bore's Head mounted on a Quarter's Worth of Boeuf—crossed and criscrossed by Keen Kutter Krips. In his hand he carries a bouquet of Oeufs for his lady fair, Oeufs that are worth their weight in gold, Oeufs full blown and perfumed with age. Police descends from that far famed Kitchen Family of Mess. Mess is the famous dieting sanatorium on the River Starvation in the Mountains of Hungry.

Police brings himself to a sudden halt when he recovers from his sweet reveries and realizes he has already passed the lair of his scullery maid Blossom Onion.

Blossom Onion descends from that strong line of Chow known at Dailyingredients. It is rumored about that without this strong line of Dailyingredients Messats of this day would be at an absolute loss for know-

ledge of seasons. A wonderful gift this family has given to the military world.

K. Police stews around and is very much in the mush until he finds the right clematis vine. He slowly ascends the steps of the lair of B. Onion as all members of the Kitchen family move, slowly yet with that carefree air of a dash here and a dash there.

Pulling the latchstring slowly and entering B. Onion's lair, K. Police is almost overcome with the sweet perfumes of Mulliganstew incense. In a painish sort of tone, K. Police's inquiries for Sweetonion. Altho she was expecting Sir Strongseason, of the family of Garlic, strong mail that she is, she brings tears to the eyes of K. Police with her a-peals for him to stay himself, a short minute.

Zounds my breath of heaven, if there be another in the stew, mine is pot luck. I shall not try to compete with one so low as comes from the house of Garlic.

Thereupon K. Police shattered his boquet of Oeufs on milady's priceless porcelain enameled ware.

"Go to!" cried B. Onion in as strong a breath as any one could have mustard.

"Into the soup for you, my fiery queen," quoth the member of the family of Kitchen.

There was an awful scramble which terminated in Blossom Onion and the boquet of Oeufs being consumed in an awful mess.

K. Police was sullen and morbid for moons after this incident. It resulted in his being hashed by every one until he finally relinquished all claims to his Knightly honours, he gave up his home in the Mountains of Hungry and is said to have escaped with enough goulash to live in comfort ever after.

HAVING A GOOD TIME

What constitutes recreation depends, of course on the point of view. Here is that of a certain small citizen in a school for dependent children. He wrote to his father thus:

"We are having a good time here now. Mr. Jones broke his leg and can't work. We went on a picnic and it rained and we all got wet. Many children here are sick with mumps. Mr. Smith fell off of the wagon and broke his ribs, but he can work a little. The man that is digging the deep well whipt us boys with a buggy whip because we threw sand in his machine, and made black and blue marks on us. Harry cut his finger badly. We are all very happy."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Our Christmas and New Year Wish

*Unending Prosperous
Activity for the
Men in Khaki*

LOGAN & MOORE

Military Tailors

PACK SQ. BY. SOU. RY. OFFICE

APPRECIATED XMAS GIFTS
CAN BE FOUND AT
THE

**PALAIS
ROYAL**



THE PRICES WILL NOT TAX
YOUR POCKETBOOK

Christmas is Close at Hand— Have You Bought Your Gifts?

Book, Box of Stationery, Fountain Pen, or other article of use or ornamentation to be found in our Big Store. Special attention given the Man in the Uniform. All are welcome.

Rogers' Book Store

"Land of the Sky"

39 PATTON AVENUE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

WHEN YOU ARE IN ASHEVILLE DO NOT FAIL TO VISIT
THE WINNIE SHOP

Opposite The Langren

OUR SPECIALTY IS EXCELLENT COFEE AND MILK. DELICIOUS
SANDWICHES AT POPULAR PRICES.

GROSS

"THEY'RE HOT"

OPPOSITE THE LANGREN



Men's Army Shoes

AND

NURSES' SHOES

THAT FIT BIG AND LOOK LITTLE

Nichols' Shoe Co.

On the Square

Asheville

North Carolina

Better Shoes for Less Money

Is our First Thought. Another Thing: Our Shoes are all Union Made. Try us for your next pair. Prices range from \$5.00 to \$9.00.

TWIFORD'S GUARANTEE SHOE STORE

4 BILTMORE AVENUE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Are You in Favor of Giving Useful Gifts?

Then why not drop in and look over the wonderful values in our
Stein-Bloch Smart Suits

We also have an excellent stock of Furnishings and Haberdashery

J. W. NEELY & COMPANY

Walk a Block or Two and Save a Dollar or Two

18 BROADWAY

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ESTABLISHED 1884

ESTABLISHED 1884

McCONNELL BROTHERS

*Wholesale Fruits, Vegetables and
Confectioneries*

WE SELL TO EVERY HOSPITAL IN THIS SECTION
ALSO TO EVERY GOVERNMENT CAMP

The Post Exchange

Is in the Heart of the Camp and we want it to be in
the Heart of Every Man

THE CROWNING XMAS GIFT

The one that will carry with it the greatest amount of real, lasting pleasure, is the

DIAMOND

No other gift will convey as much sentiment. Our prices are right and our guarantees are gilt edged.

ARTHUR M. FIELD COMPANY

Patton Ave.

Asheville

Baron Behen

extends his very best
wishes for a Merrie
Xmas and a Happy New
Year to all the Officers,
Boys and Nurses of
General Hospital
No. 19

IN A BOTTLE
THRU A
STRAW



Many amusing incidents occur during the examination of the hundreds of applicants: For the purpose of identification, the Civil Service Commission requires applicants to file their photographs, stipulating that the photograph must have been taken "within two years." One conscientious applicant submitted the photograph of a pretty, chubby faced baby and explained: "This photograph was taken when I was three years old and is the closest to two years that I have."

Another applicant gave the place of his birth as "the second-floor back room of my father's house," while another stated that the length of his legal residence in a certain State was "forty-two feet." Another declared that the largest sound in the State of Washington was "the roaring of the waves." Another said that the plural of solo was duet.

The commission regards the writing of a letter or essay an excellent test of general intelligence. The following contribution on the subject of "The Condition That Should Produce Happiness" was recently handed in:

"The Conditions that Should produce happiness is in the first place, education and to utilize it with balanced Judgement in every moment of our moral existence; then happiness would be in its Substantial foundation for longevity and example. To pursue what ever we are intended for is another enhancing path to lead to happiness, and if that passion appear perspicuous at an early age and we take advantage of it, happiness is likely to follow to an exalted Condition. If we are taut at a preparatory Stage to think divine, and to practice industrial fruition, and to Shun obnoxious Company, bad scenes and the pleasure of evil desires, happiness will spring forth like the pearly dawn pursued by a blanded sunrise as sure as stirring reality claim existence."

—MCK.

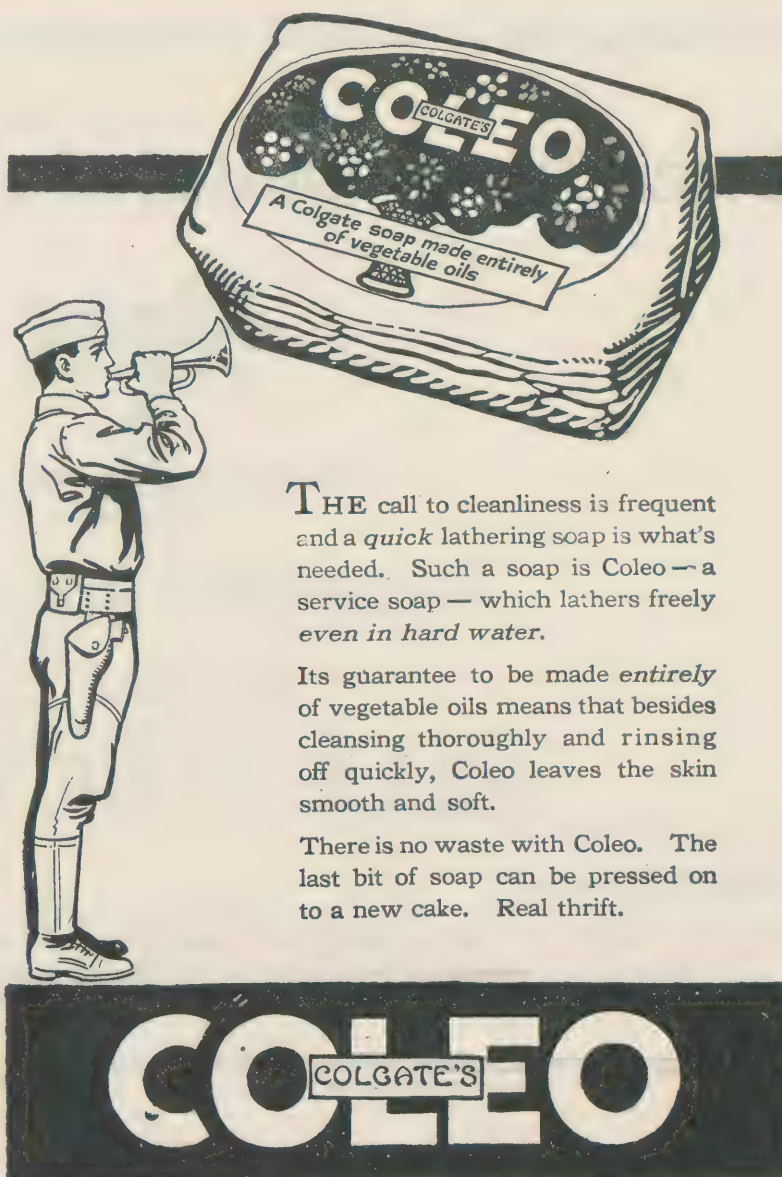
A soldier was brought up for court-martial on charge of striking the first sergeant. Evidence was introduced to prove that he had previously threatened the non-com. and a witness was called to bear up that point.

"Jones," said the officer, "you claim that you have heard Smith threaten injury to the sergeant. Did he talk much about him when he was alone?"

"I don't know sir."

"You don't know, and yet you state that you are all well acquainted with him?"

"Well, you see, sir, I have never been with him when he was alone."



THE call to cleanliness is frequent and a *quick* lathering soap is what's needed. Such a soap is Coleo — a service soap — which lathers freely *even in hard water*.

Its guarantee to be made *entirely* of vegetable oils means that besides cleansing thoroughly and rinsing off quickly, Coleo leaves the skin smooth and soft.

There is no waste with Coleo. The last bit of soap can be pressed on to a new cake. Real thrift.

SWANNANOA-BERKELEY HOTEL

European

ONE DOLLAR PER DAY AND UP
TABLE-DE-HOTE MEALS SIXTY CENTS
CENTRALLY LOCATED ON CAR LINES

W. C. Hawk, Manager

BILTMORE AVENUE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

YOUR FRIENDS WILL APPRECIATE A GOOD PORTRAIT OF YOU
SPECIAL PRICES TO SOLDIERS AND NURSES
APPOINTMENT BY PHONE 1616

Higgason
STUDIO

60½ PATTON AVENUE

OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE

The Drink Delightful:



*Sparkling, delicious, zestful
that's Bevo!*

On sale everywhere

Ask for it!

ELLIS & BEADLES

Biltmore Avenue

Asheville, N. C.

To the Man or Woman in Uniform

We especially cater to the boys in khaki
and the girls in white.

FOR THE SOLDIER—We have the reg-
ulation army shoe, comfortable, long
wearing.

FOR THE OFFICER — Smart, snappy
boots, of cordovan and calf.

FOR THE NURSE—We recommend the
"Glover" Shoe for real, blessed comfort.
Tired feet are unknown in a Glover
Shoe.

Special Prices to men in uniform. Fit
Guaranteed.



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Asheville, N. C.

WE are handling a good many of the Soldiers' Accounts, and we will Welcome Your Business.



CITIZENS BANK

EDWIN L. RAY, *President*
JNO. A. CAMPBELL, *Cashier*
WM. F. DUNCAN, *Asst. Cashier*

Opposite Postoffice

Asheville, N. C.

AT YOUR SERVICE!

We give special attention to the banking needs of officers, enlisted men and nurses of the U. S. Army.

Your inquiries as to how we may serve you will be welcome.

The Battery Park Bank

Members Federal Reserve System

Vuletide....

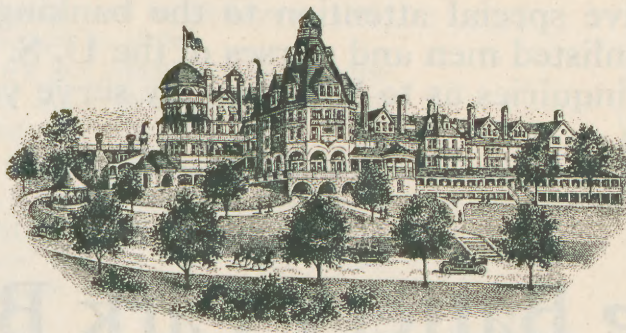
May it bring you the
HAPPIEST CHRISTMAS
that it has been your
pleasure to enjoy

ASHEVILLE POWER & LIGHT CO.

The Battery Park Hotel

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

In the "Land of the Sky"



"It's Famous Everywhere"
For Location, Service and Cuisine

Booklet and Rates upon Application

S. J. LAWRENCE, Manager

THE ONLY NATIONAL BANK IN ASHEVILLE

Will be pleased to handle in a courteous and efficient manner all business entrusted to its care. Your Account, large or small, is invited.

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Asheville, N. C.



Easy to Play (Trade Mark)

COME AND HEAR THE **Gulbrausen**

and you'll smile as the baby did when
he pressed the pedal

**LOWEST
CASH PRICE \$425.00**

**Special
Christmas Terms
\$2.50 per Week**

With Interest

Fully Guaranteed

**DUNHAM'S
MUSIC HOUSE**

*The Home of High Grade
Pianos*



¶ The December Pay Day is the time for the Army Man's Thrift Resolutions. This time coincides with the Annual Interest Period of our Savings Department, which remains open through January tenth.

¶ We pay four per cent interest on Savings Deposits, compounded quarterly. One dollar will open an account.

¶ Khaki looks mighty well at the Savings Bank Window.

CENTRAL BANK & TRUST COMPANY
SOUTH PACK SQUARE